

squatting down with their pipes, some boiling coffee, some performing their devotions. It was excessively close, but had been a fine clear day. I walked nearly a mile from the shore; in an instant very dark, with a heat perfectly stifling; saw a column of sand in the distance. It struck me directly what it was. I rushed to the boat with full speed, but barely quick enough. I cannot describe the scene of horror and confusion. It was a simoom. The wind was the most awful sound I ever heard. Five columns of sand, taller than the Monument, emptied themselves on our party. Every sail was rent to pieces, men buried in the earth. Three boats sailing along overturned; the crews swam to shore. The wind, the screaming, the shouting, the driving of the Kami, were enough to make you mad. We shut all the windows of the cabin, and jumped into bed, but the sand came in like fire. . . .

As for Dendera and Thebes, and the remains in every part of Upper Egypt, it is useless to attempt to write. Italy and Greece were toys to them, and Martin's inventions commonplace. Conceive a feverish and tumultuous dream, full of triumphal gates, processions of paintings, interminable walls of heroic sculpture, granite colossi of gods and kings, prodigious obelisks, avenues of sphinxes, and halls of a thousand columns, thirty feet in girth, and of a proportionate height. My eyes and mind yet ache with a grandeur so little in unison with our own littleness. Then the landscape, \vaa quite characteristic: mountains of burning sand, vegetation unnaturally vivid, groves of cocoa trees, groups of crocodiles, and an ebony population in a state of nudity, armed with spears of reeds.

Having followed the course of the Nile for seven hundred miles, to the very confines of Nubia, we returned. AH an antiquary I might have been tempted to advance, to have witnessed further specimens, but I was satisfied, and I wish not to lose time unnecessarily. We were a week at Thehew, with the advantage of the society of Mr. Wilkinson,¹ an Englishman of vast learning, who has devoted ten years to the study of hieroglyphics and Egyptian antiquity, and who can read you the side of an obelisk, or the front of a pylon as we would the last number of the *Quarterly*.²

By the end of May he is back in Cairo, which, in spite of its dinginess, he finds 'a luxurious and pleasant place.'